A SHELLEY NOTEBOOK

THE SHELLEY NOTEBOOK

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BY

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PREFATORY NOTE

THIS volume contains the earliest and the latest of Mr. Woodberry's publications on Shelley. Nearly half a century ago he prepared the description of the Harvard Shelley Notebook, which has ever since been the official record of its contents; and he contributes to the present reproduction of that precious treasure his recollections of his first acquaintance with it.

The vellum-bound notebook in which Shelley and his wife had written some of the poet's most prized verses came to Harvard in the year 1877, to be placed in the College Library for safe keeping. By chance good fortune, Mr. Woodberry, then in his Senior year in college, happened to be present when the volume was first brought to Cambridge to be shown privately; and he was privileged to hold it in his hands. He re-examined his original notes upon it in the spring of 1929, when he revisited the Library to inaugurate the series of talks on poetry provided for Harvard students by the gift of his classmate of 1877, Morris Gray.

The Notebook belonged to Mr. Edward A. Silsbee, who had secured it while living in Florence, from Miss Claire Claremont. When Mr. Silsbee returned to Europe in 1887, he gave the book to Harvard. The gift was signalized by the publication, as the Library's *Bibliographical Contribution*, No. 30, of 'Shelley's Skylark. A Facsimile of the Original Manuscript with Notes on Other Manuscripts of Shelley, in Harvard College Library.' The facsimile is followed by an editorial note, on a single page, giving the

list of contents of this Notebook, including the titles of poems which were on the missing leaves, as supplied from the written Index. There is nothing about other manuscripts of Shelley.

Mr. Woodberry made at that time a careful examination of the contents of the Notebook, and his detailed description of it was printed by the Library in 1889 as its *Bibliographical Contribution*, No. 35: 'Notes on the MS. Volume of Shelley's Poems in the Library of Harvard College.' These 'Notes' are reprinted on the following pages, with a few additional comments.

The John Barnard Associates feel under many obligations to Mr. Woodberry for his generous collaboration in the preparation of this publication. Grateful thanks are also due to Mr. Carl H. Pforzheimer for additional proof of his keen interest in everything that relates to Percy Bysshe Shelley.

NOTES ON A MANUSCRIPT OF SHELLEY'S POEMS

These 'Notes' are reprinted, with a few additions, from Bibliographical Contributions, No. 35, issued by the Harvard College Library in 1889.

NOTES ON A MANUSCRIPT OF SHELLEY'S POEMS

THIS volume was given to the Library by Mr. Edward A. Silsbee, who received it from a lady in Florence closely connected with the Shelleys. It is a thin quarto bound in parchment. Many leaves have been cut out, but the titles of the missing poems are supplied by an index at the end. It was plainly a copy-book and not intended for use in original composition. The aim of the following notes is to place before students of the text of Shelley the variations which this volume supplies from the text of Forman's edition, London, 1876. Words in the MS. differing from the Forman text are in *italics;* if the variations are of another character, they are not indicated by difference of type. In disputed passages, when no information is given below, it is to be understood that Forman's text is sustained by the MS. Variations in pointing and capitalizing are, as a rule, not noted; neither are the cancelled readings. Forman's titles, when differing from those in the MS., are printed in italics between parentheses.

Pages 1–46: cut out.

47–60: THE SENSITIVE PLANT. Pisa, March, 1820. Mrs. Shelley's hand; the date in Shelley's hand.

Part I; lines 29–33, do not occur.

47, glide *or* dance

	49,	lawn and moss
	82,	*And* the plumed
	83,	*in* a sunny sea
II	23,	*the* going (Mrs. Shelley's reading)
	59,	*Through* all the sweet
III	23,	mist of morning
	28,	And lilies were drooping white and wan
	32,	Leaf *by* leaf, day after day
	63,	*mists*
	66–69,	struck out.
	[73,	up, inserted in pencil*]
	100,	and *their* sudden flight from *the* frost [the, crossed out in pencil*]
	102,	Under the roots
Conclusion.		Not divided from the preceding. [The heading inserted in pencil.*]
	1,	*And if* the
	5,	*Or if* that

Note, Part III., line 32. Shelley's edition reads "*Leaf after leaf, day after day.*" Mrs. Shelley's editions substitute *by* for the second *after*. Mr. Swinburne (*Essays and Studies*, p. 186) supports this reading as probably correct. [See the facsimile, page 55*]

Forman cites the parallel lines in *Rosalind and Helen*, "*But day by day, week after week,*" and "*And hour by hour, day after day.*" The reading afforded by the MS., being identical with these, and more melodious than that of Mrs. Shelley, may safely be accepted. *Lines 66–69;* similarly omitted in Mrs. Shelley's editions, but restored in Forman and Rossetti in the absence of MS. authority for the omission. This authority is now found.

* Additions to the original publication of these notes, in the *Bibliographical Contributions*, 1889, are marked with an asterisk.

[The page number 51 is repeated, so that the odd number is on the left hand page, to 109.*]

Pages 61–68: A Vision of the Sea. Pisa, April, 1820. Shelley's hand; the date, Shelley's hand.

Line 8, *sunk* (Mrs. Shelley's reading)
35, *by* the waters
37, *sits*
38, crew *who*
87, *the* smiling disguise
160, grasps it *convulsively*

Note. The past tenses are not contracted, and the spelling *tyger* is used. See Forman, ii., p. 281, *note* 1; p. 282, *note* 1.

Pages 69–70: To Night. Mrs. Shelley's hand.

Line 1, *o'er* the western wave

Page 71: An Anacreontic (*Love's Philosophy*). Florence, January, 1820. Shelley's hand.

Line 3, *melt together*
15, were *these examples* worth

Note. The poem was first published in *The Indicator*, Dec. 22, 1819. The present ms. version differs from that of *The Indicator*, as above, and also in lines 11 and 12, in which it has the later form. It would naturally be thought that the readings above were earlier than these of *The Indicator*, but the date, January, 1820, is against that view, and in the ms. the word *all* is written before "*these examples*" and crossed out, as if the common reading were in the mind of the writer and had been rejected, or else the reading, "all this sweet work," which occurs in the Stacey ms. in Leigh Hunt's *Literary Pocket-Book* for 1819, given by Shelley to Miss Sophia Stacey, Dec. 29, 1820.

Pages 72–75: cut out.

Pages 76–77: An Exhortation. Pisa, April, 1820. Shelley's hand.

Line 10, *in*

Note. The date sustains Rossetti's suggestion that this was the poem sent to Mrs. Gisborne by Shelley, May 8, 1820. (Shelley Memorials, p. 141.)

Pages 78–80: Ode to Heaven. Florence, December, 1819. Shelley's hand.

Pages 81–83: Song (*Rarely, rarely, comest thou*) Pisa, May, 1820. Mrs. Shelley's hand; date, Shelley's hand.

Pages 84–86: A Dream (*The Question*). Mrs. Shelley's hand.

Line 14, enclosed in parentheses.

15, *Heaven's collected*

31, punctuate, *And bulrushes and reeds,*

Page 85:

[17–32. The two stanzas, iii–iv, on page 85 have several accepted readings in pencil, so faintly written that the photographer failed to get them in making the plates for the Facsimile. None of the editors who have examined this Notebook, so far as noticed, have recorded the following variant, and apparently original, readings:

Line 17, *then* cancelled, *lush* careted after *grew*

18, *Green* substituted for *And*

23, *azure* substituted for *green &*

26, *purple* substituted for *azure*

28, *floating* substituted for *loveliest*

30, *With moonlight beams of their* substituted for *Floating below, in its*

Page 87: Ode to Liberty. Shelley's hand.

Lines 1–3, A glorious people vibrated again
The lightning of the Nations — Liberty
From heart to heart, (etc.)
4, *unto* the sky
10, Heaven
11, the spirits whirlwind *wrapt* it
15, *Deep. I*
16, moon
17, Abyss
18, Heaven
19, Island

Note. The page ends with line 21, and is crossed out. The punctuation of the opening lines, however, is important in view of Forman's emendation, and the use of capitals (not elsewhere noticed in this paper) is an instructive example of Shelley's habit with regard to them.

Pages 88–89; cut out.

Page 90: The Indian Serenade. Shelley's hand.

Line 3, The winds
4, *burning* (*The Liberal* reading)
7, *Has borne* (Mrs. Shelley reads *has* led, 1824)
11, *The champak* odours (Mrs. Shelley's reading, 1824) [altered to Champak.*]
15, As I must *die* on thine (Mrs. Shelley's reading, 1839)
16, *Oh* beloved as thou art! (Mrs. Shelley's reading, 1839)
17, *Oh*
23, it *close to thine* again (Mrs. Shelley's reading, 1824)

Note. The text of this poem is much disputed. Forman derives his reading in lines 11, 16, 23, from a MS. found on Shelley's person after his death and deciphered by Browning; the same source gives *hath* for *has* in line 7, agreeing with the first published version, *The Liberal*, no. ii., 1822. In line 15, *die* is omitted by *The Liberal* and by Mrs. Shelley's edition, 1824, but is restored by her in 1839. Rossetti rejects the Browning readings. A MS. copy, given by Shelley to Miss Sophia Stacey in 1819, is said to be extant, but there is no account of it, further than that Rossetti mentions seeing a copy of it.

Pages 91–92: SONG (*Remembrance*). Shelley's hand.

Line 5, As the *earth* when leaves are *dead*,
6, *sped*
7, *fled*
10, *her* reign

Note. Forman's text is from a MS. in Shelley's hand on the fly-leaf of a copy of *Adonais*, then owned by Lord Houghton. Rossetti describes a MS., also in Shelley's hand, sent to Mrs. Williams; he received it from Trelawney. The present MS. is Mrs. Shelley's text, and seems intermediate between the other two.

Pages 92–93: TO WILLIAM ("*My lost William*"). Shelley's hand.

Motto: with what truth *may I* say —
Line 16, Of sweet flowers.

Pages 94–97: cut out.

Pages 98–99: blank.

Pages 100–105: TO A SKYLARK. In Shelley's hand.

Note. Line 15: the reading *unbodied* disposes of the much disputed emendation, *embodied*, and sustains the original editions.

Pages 106–109: Song (*To the Men of England*), torn out, except a small portion on which may be read two or three words of stanzas 4 and 8.

Pages 109 (duplicate) 117, [118–145, no page numbers*]: Hymn to Mercury. Translated from the Greek of Homer. Mrs. Shelley's hand.

Stanza 3, line 7, in *his*
13, 5, *Ocian* spray. [A lapse on the part of the writer, whose *e* and *i* are very much alike, except for the dot; in this stanza each *i* was apparently dotted after the lines were written.]
14, 5, *Piera's*
29, 7, *wills* not
31, 4, *depth*
32, 7, *neighbour*
43, 3, *hurl* [?]
5, *or* your
53, 3, purpose — as
61, 3, *Or*
62, 6, in great *ruth* [?]
74, 2, heifer *killing*
77, 7, As now. I
85, 7, *as of an* adept
93, 5, *mist*
96, 7, *from* death
97, 2, *covered their love with joy*
5, *wandering* far

Note. The reading in stanza 43, line 3, is a valuable restoration, and several others are worth consideration;

that in 97, line 2, especially, seems to settle a difficult point satisfactorily. In stanza 62 it is interesting to compare Rossetti, iii., p. 429, note; here all editions have *wrath* for *ruth*, and Rossetti observes: "The rhyming of 'wrath' with 'untruth' is an ultra-Shelleyan audacity; there is no opening for a suspicion of misprinting." The sense requires 'wrath,' it is true; but the word 'ruth' is written in this MS. It may be remarked also, in stanza 93, that the spelling *mist* for *missed* in Mrs. Shelley's edition, on which Forman annotates, iv., p. 180, note 1, may have been in consequence of the rhymes above; but it is also possibly due to the cramping of the word into a small space at the lower outside corner of the page, as this MS. shows it.

Pages 145 (duplicate)–148: TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR. Shelley's hand.

Line 50, *snares and arts* [or *acts**]
60, *soul is* (Mrs. Shelley's reading in two copies written by her, but not in her editions)

Note. This poem is the only one which shows signs of being composed on the page itself; it is much erased and interlined, and two stanzas, 7 and 8, which the poet found it impossible to shape in their place, are left in confusion and afterwards added at the end in fair script.

Pages 149–150: ENGLAND (*Lines written during the Castlereagh administration*). Shelley's hand.

Line 4, *death*-white
16, *festival* din (Mrs. Shelley's reading)
25, *the* ("thy" altered) (Mrs. Shelley's reading)

Note. In line 4, *death* is added above the line. The same correction, with others, was adopted by Rossetti from a later MS. in Shelley's hand purchased for an American collector at a sale in 1874.

Page 150: Song (*Good-Night*).
Shelley's hand.

Note. Rossetti gives a different version, derived from the Stacey ms. in the *Literary Pocket-Book* already mentioned.

Page 151: Sonnet ("*Ye hasten to the dead*"). Hand different from the others.

Line 7, *must* go
8, *would* know

Note. See Forman, iv., p. 572, and Rossetti, iii., p. 408, for an account of a later ms.

Page 152: Sonnet, To the Republic of Benevento (*Political Greatness*).
Shelley's hand.

Line 6, *its* pageant

Note. No explanation of the title has been found.

Pages 153–158: Ballad. Young Parson Richards.
Mrs. Shelley's hand; corrections, Shelley's hand.

Note. This is an unpublished poem of twenty-one stanzas of four lines each, except the first, which has five lines. It is entirely valueless in itself and uninstructive with respect either to Shelley or to the growth of his poetical genius.

[It was printed by Walter Edwin Peck in the Philological Quarterly for April, 1926. Separately issued, "One of one hundred copies only printed for private distribution." "Now first published from the manuscript in Harvard University Library," Iowa City, Iowa, 1926.*]

Page 159: INDEX, ending on inside of opposite cover. The titles of missing poems thus supplied are as follows, Forman's substitute-titles being italicized:

Page 1: Maddalo and Julian
30: The Mask of Anarchy
38: To S[idmou]th and C[astlerea]gh (*Similes for Two Political Characters of 1819*)
39: E. . . . d (*Sonnet: England in 1819?*)
40: An Ode (*Ode written October, 1819?*)
42: Translation from Moschus (*Pan, Echo and the Satyr*)
43: A Fragment
72: Lines written at Naples
75: Sonnet ("*Lift not the painted veil"?*)
88–90: contents not given, possibly blank.
106: To ——, a sonnet (*Lines to a Reviewer?*)
107: Men of England, a song.
109: To ——
145: To L[or]d E[ldo]n

Note. Of the poems now contained in this volume, six were published by Shelley with *Prometheus Unbound.* They were The Sensitive Plant, A Vision of the Sea, An Exhortation, Ode to Heaven, To a Skylark, and Ode to Liberty; the first three are marked *published* in the MS. Of the remainder, all were published by Mrs. Shelley in the *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, except To the Lord Chancellor, and England (*Lines written during the Castlereagh Administration*). Of the poems shown by the Index to be missing, Maddalo and Julian and Lines written at Naples were also published in the same volume. It may safely be conjectured that the

Translation from Moschus is the one so entitled in the same volume, and that the two sonnets, not further entitled, are "*Lift not the painted veil*" and "*Alas, good friend*" (*Lines to a Reviewer*), which directly follow "*Ye hasten to the dead*" and *Political Greatness*, also in the same volume. "*Alas, good friend*" is but thirteen lines and the rhymes are not in sonnet form; but the title To ——, a sonnet, would give Mrs. Shelley's authority for calling the poem a sonnet; and, in the absence of any other piece answering to this title and belonging to the period of the MS., it is altogether likely that this is the one referred to. The four sonnets published by Mrs. Shelley in 1824 would then be all in this list. To —— and A Fragment may be any of several pieces so entitled in the *Posthumous Poems*.

It appears, therefore, that all the poems originally in this volume were published by Mrs. Shelley in 1824, except those which had previously appeared with *Prometheus Unbound* and those which were political. Of these last, the Masque of Anarchy was published by Leigh Hunt in 1832; England (*Lines written during the Castlereagh Administration*), and To S[idmou]th and C[astlerea]gh (*Similes for two Political Characters of 1819*) were published by Medwin, *Shelley Papers*, 1833, reprinted from *The Athenaeum*, 1832. Mrs. Shelley included in her collected editions of 1839 the above (with variations in the first two), and added To the Lord Chancellor and Song to the Men of England; she also then published the Sonnet, England in 1819, conjectured here to be that indexed as E . . . . d. The "Ode," if a slight conjecture may be based on the grouping by Mrs. Shelley, may be that entitled by her To the Assertors of Liberty (*Ode written October, 1819*), originally published with *Prometheus Unbound*, or possibly the National Anthem, published in the second edition of 1839.

It is possible that Mrs. Shelley used this MS. volume for the *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, and excluded from her collection at that time the political pieces; or she may have derived from it only material for her editions of 1839; or she may have used it upon both occasions. The fact that her exact dates affixed to poems in the edition of 1824 are the same with those in this MS., support the view that she then had access to it. It may not be superfluous to add that her variations from Hunt's later and better MS. of Julian and Maddalo would be explained by this means without the need of supposing that she "edited" the text unadvisedly or carelessly; the date affixed by her, Rome, May, 1819, would also be justified, since these dates are all apparently not those of composition but of entry in the volume. Similar considerations apply to her variations from Hunt in the text of The Masque of Anarchy. The MS. of that poem, which is missing from this volume and which Mrs. Shelley may have used, is apparently not that facsimiled by the Shelley Society in its Publications. Whether this MS. volume was a source of Mrs. Shelley's text or not, it nearly represents it, and is interesting as tending to establish her fidelity to Shelley's MSS. and to increase the authority of her text, when it is not superseded by that of MSS. later than those in her possession.

POSTSCRIPT

IF AFTER forty years I may add a postscript to this Note, it may be of interest to recall briefly my first acquaintance with this MS. Book. One of the most vivid memories of my Harvard days is of the Sunday morning in my Senior year, when Mr. Silsbee brought it into Professor Palmer's house, where I was breakfasting. I recall the way in which he handled the volume, carefully, fluttering the leaves as he picked out some of the more characteristic pages of the script, passing over others quickly, as if he felt a trust in his hands, and a privacy not to be lost sight of — something precious and intimate and inviolable — the sense of which long lingered in me. After a while I held in my own hands myself what was to me a sacred relic. I can still feel the thrill in my fingers, as they moved over lines where Shelley's hand had hovered, while I listened to the accompaniment of Silsbee's impetuous enthusiasm — "Shelley-mad" he was — and shyly gave it back to him, reduplicated from the fervors of my ardent youth.

Toward noon he set out to call on Lowell, not very far away, who was sure to be interested in such a poetical relic. On his return, it was plain to see he had met with a chill; a cold, but repressed, rage still fumed in him, till it should find vent; for Lowell had asked him the hoary question that has passed the wise lips of many, — "Do you find any thought in Shelley?" It was as if one should ask a Persian, "Do you find any perfume in the rose?" The atmosphere of Harvard had never been very favorable to Shelley; in my own day my young enthusiasm was only tolerated as something that might be expected from me,

but "not just the thing"; and there is good reason to believe that the chill still lingers in the old halls. But Silsbee, however coldly blown upon by his native air, was a New Englander, and knew the rock whence he was hewn. "New England never could by any process relish him," he wrote later of Shelley. As for Lowell's question, it merely confirmed him in his oft-repeated belief that "America had never grown up poetically." New England, however, was not alone in its disrelish. The same fortune he had with Lowell, Silsbee met with, a little later, here with Arnold, who by then had proclaimed the advent of the famous "ineffectual angel." They met and interchanged pleasant notes, the one venturing that "if it were not for the charm of his beautiful disposition and nature, Shelley would hardly live into the next (*i. e.*, the present) century," and the other countering with the view that (with Keats) Shelley was "the greatest loss that English literature—perhaps universal literature—has sustained."

It was hardly in nature that two such devotees to Shelley, once in touch, should drift hopelessly apart, and in the next decade after our first encounter we met at rare intervals. Silsbee was a picturesque and arresting character, wherever it might be, with a touch of the sea about him, an Essex County look in his complexion and build, that told a knowing eye of his ancestry and youth, when he had left a name in the China seas. At times he frequented a house on the Beverly shore, near me, where I recall listening to the vibrations of a Japanese temple-gong in the garden, that he would strike for me; or we fleeted the August moons together on summer nights, walking from his gate to my doorstone, and reversing, and walking again, and repeating, with talk (for he was not a man of one book) artistic, musical, literary, till the loud

fall of waves on the beach told of midnight; but ever the talk veered home to Shelley. "Shelley," he said, "was like an element always near you, — a part of one's mental breathing." It was true of us. He would repeat, ever and anon, snatches of Shelley's verse. He was the only person I ever knew who could read Shelley like a poet, with the voice that transforms and recreates the scene. (Of course he never *read* him, but repeated these "snatches of his verse.") He had caught the magic by which the music in the verse brought the landscape emotionally, as well as objectively, before the mind and eye, the mood of the scene as well as its visual aspect. It was a revelation to hear him repeat some favorite bit of this miraculous interpretation of the scene by the modulation of the lines. The fragment "Marenghi" is permeated with this music:

> "There is a point of strand
> Near Vado's tower and town: and on one side
> The treacherous marsh divides it from the land,
> Shadowed by pine and ilex forests wide,
> And on the other creeps eternally,
> Through muddy weeds, the shallow sullen sea."

It is the voice of the sea, of the wilderness, of the poet, made one. This was a favorite example.

At a time later than these episodes, ten years after Silsbee had brought the book to America, he gave it to Harvard, and shortly afterwards the Library issued a Facsimile of "To a Skylark," with a letter from him; but this publication seeming to some of us insufficient for Shelley students, Mr. Winsor kindly allowed me to prefix the above Notes, and with them the Facsimile was reissued early in November, 1889. It is uncertain whether it was on my own judgment or by advice that the cancelled pas-

sages were then not given. A lingering sense of the privacy of the volume, derived from my first acquaintance with it, was always present in my mind. When, however, it fell to me to edit Shelley's poems on his centenary, it seeming desirable, in view of the universal practice of Shelley editors, to include these cancelled readings, Mr. Winsor wrote to me (March 1, 1893) as follows:

"Mr. Silsbee just prior to going abroad in 1887 surrendered the Shelley MS. to us *in toto*, it having been only deposited previously, with conditions as to the use of it, imposed by himself. I have no recollection of the restraints put upon you to confine your mem[a] to the uncancelled variations. If I expressed an opinion then that the cancelled readings should be let alone, it was a matter of judgment, not of direction, I suspect. I see no reason why you may not now make (as you could have made then) what use you like of the cancelled readings."

These readings consequently were included in my edition of Shelley's poems (1892). However, I still withheld from publication the ballad, "Poor Parson Richards," remembering how on my first sight of it Silsbee had covered it with his hand, saying, as I recall it, that it was "not quite worthy" of Shelley; and I am glad to add that my decision (which was entirely upon poetical, not ethical grounds) had the approval of Dr. Richard Garnett, who wrote, — "The ballad had certainly better remain in obscurity, being what you describe it to be. Is it really Shelley's, do you think? If so, it must be one of his attempts to compose poetry in a popular style as an aid to political agitation about 1819."

The little book that once seemed so private, long so carefully guarded, is now made bare to the world as a

Roman chamber, partly that it may be preserved more sacredly, partly because it is felt that a great poet's work belongs to all the world. Silsbee gave it to Harvard to be, in the ancient words, a *monumentum aere perennius* to Shelley's immortal fame, to bring him near to the hearts and eyes and senses of Harvard youth, and that they might, generation after generation, feel, as, by the chance of time, I was the first of them to do, the touch of Shelley's living hand upon the page.

G. E. W.

THE FACSIMILE

7

The Sensitive Plant. + (published)

Part 1st.

A Sensitive plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light
And closed them beneath the kisses of night

2
And the Spring arose on the garden fair
Like the Spirit of love felt everywhere;
And each flower & herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

3
But none ever trembled & panted with bliss
In the garden, the field or the wilderness;
Like a doe in the noon-tide with love's sweet want
As the companionless Sensitive-plant.

4
The snow-drop & then the violet
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice & the instrument.

5
Then the pied wind-flowers & the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess

Till they die of their own dear loveliness.

And the Naiad-like Lily of the vale
Whom youth makes so fair & passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green.

And the hyacinth purple, & white, & blue
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft & intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense

And the wand-like lily which lifted up,
As a maniac, its moonlight-coloured cup
Till the fiery star, which is its eye
Gazed through it on the tender sky

And the Jessamine faint, & the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime.

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was prankt under boughs of embowering blossom
With golden & green light, slanting through
Their Heaven of many a tangled hue,

11
Broad water-lilies lay tremulous &
And starry river buds glimmered by
and around them the soft stream did glide & dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance

12
And the sinuous paths of lawn & moss
Which led through the garden along & across
Some open at once to the sun & the breeze
Some lost among bowers of blooming trees

13
Were all paved with daisies & delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels
And flowerets which drooping as day drooped too
Fell into pavilions, white purple & blue
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

14.
And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers, as an infants awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet
Can first lull, & at last must awaken it,

15.
When Heaven's & the wind had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven; & every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun

16.
For each one was interpenetrated
With the light & the odour its neighbour shed

50

Like young lovers, whom youth & love make dear
Wrapt & filled by their mutual atmosphere.

17

But the Sensitive-plant, which could give back fruit
For the love which it felt from the root to the fruit,
Received more than all — it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver.

18

For the Sensitive-plant has no bright flower;
Radiance & odour are not its dower —
It loves — even like Love, — its deep heart is full —
It desires what it has not — the beautiful.

19

The light winds which from unremembering ways
Feed the music of many murmurings
The beams which dart from many a star
Of the flowers whose hues they bear, afar

20

And the unseen insects swift & free
Like golden boats in a summer sea
Laden with light & odour which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass;

21

The unseen clouds of the dew which lie
For the Sun rides high
Like fire in the flowers till dawning day
Wander like spirits among the spheres
Each cloud faint with the hour it bears;

22.

The quivering vapours of the noontide,
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide
In which every sound, & odour, & beam
Move, as reeds in a single stream;

23

Each, & all, like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive-plant sweet joy to bear.
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

24.

And when evening descended from Heaven above,
And the Earth was all wet, & the air was all love,
And delight, though less bright, was far more deep,
And the Day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

25

And the beasts, & the birds, & the insects were drowned
In an ocean of dreams without a sound
Whose waves never ~~wrinkle~~, though they impress
The light sand which paves it — consciousness.

26.

Only over head the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant.

27.

The Sensitive-plant was the earliest
Upgathered into the bosom of rest.

51/ A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest & yet the favourite
Cradled within the embrace of night.

Part Second

1

There was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden; a ruling Grace
Which to the flowers did breathe & dream
Was as is God to the starry scheme.

2.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind
Which, like a sea flower unfolded beneath the Ocean,
Tended the garden from morn to even
And the meteors of that subterranean Heaven
Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth
Laughed round her footsteps up from the Earth.

3.

4

She had no companion of mortal race
But her tremulous breath & her flushing face
Told, whilst the morn kissed the dew from her eyes
That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise

5

as some light spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted the heaven while the stars were awake
as if yet around her he lingering wore
Though the veil of daylight concealed him from her.

6

Her step seemed to pitch the grass it went;
You might hear by the heaving of her breast,
That the coming & the going of the wind
Brought pleasure there, & left happiness behind

7

and wherever her aery footstep trod
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod
Erased its light vestige with shadowy sweep
Like a sunny storm over the dark green deep

8

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;
I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers through all their frame

9

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder showers

10.

She fenced their heads with her tender hands
And sustained them with rods and osier bands
If the flowers had been her own infants she

53) could never have nursed them more ~~as~~ tenderly.

11.

And all killing insects & gnawing worms
And things of ~~the~~ obscene & unlovely forms
She bore, in a basket of Indian wood,
Into the rough woods far aloof

12.

In a basket of grapes & wild flowers full
The freshest her gentle hands could pull.
For the poor banished insects, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

13.

But the bee, & the beam like ephemeris
Whose path is the ~~light~~ lightning, & soft moths that kiss
The sweet lips of flowers, & harm not, did she
Make her attendant angels be.

14.

And many an antenatal tomb
Where butterflies dream of the life to come
She left, clinging round the moth & dark
Edge of the sorrowful Cypress bark.

15.

This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden ministering
Through all the sweet season of summer tide
And ere the first leaf look'd brown — she died!

4

Part 3rd

1
Three days the flowers of the garden fair
Like stars when the morn is awakened were;
O the waves of Baiæ are luminous
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius

2
And on the fourth the Sensitive Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chaunt
And the steps of the bearers heavy & slow,
And the sobs of the mourners deep & low.

3
The weary wind & the heavy breath
And the silent motions of passing death
And the smell, cold, oppressive & dank
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank

4
The dark grass & the flowers among the grass
Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass
From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone
And sate in the pines & gave groan for groan.

5
The garden rose flowers became cold & pale
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep

6
Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of morning rode
Though the noonday sun looked clear & bright

55 stocking the spoil of the secret night.

7.

The rose leaves - like flakes of common snow
Paved the troops & the moss below:
And lilies were drooping white & wan
Like the head & the skin of a dying man

8.

And Indian plants of scent & hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf by leaf, day ~~by day~~ after day
Were mashed into the common clay
And the leaves, brown, yellow, & grey, & red
And white, with the white scum of what is dead,
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind past
And their whispering noise made the birds aghast.

9.

And the gusty wind waked the wingy seeds
Out of their cells: the lean & hungry weeds
Rich thro' dung sound many a sweet flower's stem
Which rotted into the earth with them

11.

The water bloom under the violet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set
And the eddies drove them here & there
As the winds did those of the upper air.

12.

Then the rain came down, & the broken stalks
Were bent & tangled across the walks

and the leafless network of parasite bowers
~~...~~ into mine; & all sweet flowers.
~~Between the~~

13

Between the term the wind & the snow
All loathliest weeds began to grow
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many a speck
Like the water snake's belly & the toads ~~back~~ back.

14.

And thistles & ~~nettles~~ nettles, & harnels rank
And the dock & henbane; & hemlock dank
Stretched out its long & hollow shank
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank

15.

And plants out whose name the verse feels loath
Filled the place with a monstrous undergrowth,
Prickly & pulpous, & blistering & blue
Livid, & starred with a lurid dew.

16.

And agarics & fungi with mildew & mould
Started like mists from the wet ground cold;
Pale, ghastly, — as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated

17.

Their mast~~e~~rotted off trees, flake by flake
Till the thick stalk stuck like a murderer's stake
Where rags of loose flesh yet trembled on high
Infecting the winds that wander by

18.

Grass weeds & filth, a leprous scum —

57/ Made the running rivulet thick & dumb
and ~~it~~ at its outlet flags huge as stakes
Dammed it with roots knotted like water ~~snakes~~

19.

And hour by hour when the air was still
The vapours arose which have strength to kill
At morn they were seen - & noon they were felt
At night they were darkness no star could melt

20.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
Crept & flitted in broad noon day
Unseen; every branch on which they alit
By a venemous blight was burned & bit

21.

The Sensitive-plant like one forbid
Wept, & the ~~two~~ tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves which together grew,
Were changed to a blight of frozen ~~dew~~ glue

22.

For the leaves soon fell, & the branches soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn
The sap shrank to the root thro' every pore
As blood to a heart that will beat no more

23.

For winter came - the wind was his whip
One chopping finger was on his lip
He had torn the cataracts from the hills

And they clanked at his girdle like manacles

24.

His breath was a chain which without a sound
The earth & the air & the water bound
He came, fiercely driven in his Chariot-throne
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone

25.

Then the weeds which were forms of living death
Fled from the frost to the Earth beneath
Their decay & their sudden flight from the frost
Was but like the ~~&~~ vanishing of a ghost!

26.

Under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
The moles & the dormice died for want.
The birds dropped stiff from the frozen air
And were caught in the branches naked & bare

27.

First there came down a thawing rain
And its dull drops froze on the ~~[illegible]~~ boughs again
Then there steamed up a freezing dew
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew

28

and a northern ~~wind~~ whirlwind wandering about
Like a wolf that has smelt a dead child out
Shook the boughs thus laden & heavy & stiff
And snapped them off with his utmost gruff

59

29

When winter had gone & spring came ~~back~~
The Sensitive-plant was a leafless wreck;
But the brambles & toadstools & docks & darnels
Rose like the dead from their ruined channels

30

And if the Sensitive plant - or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat
Ere its outward form had known decay
Now felt this change; - I cannot say.

31

Or if that Lady's gentle mind
No longer with the form combined
Which scattered love - as stars do light,
Found sadness, where it left delight

32.

I dare not guess; but in this life
Of error, ignorance & strife -
Where nothing is but all things ~~seem~~ seem
And we the shadows of the dream

33.

It is a modest creed & yet
Pleasant if one considers it
To think that death itself must be
Like all the rest, - a mockery.

34

at Garden sweet, that Lady fair
nd all sweet shapes & odours there
n truth have never past away —
is we, 'tis ours, are changed — not they.

35.

For love, and beauty, & delight
There is no death nor change — their might
Exceeds our organs — which endure
No light — being themselves obscure.

Pisa — March — 1820

61)

A Vision of the Sea

—'Tis the terror of Tempest.... the rags of the sail
Are flickering in ribbons within the fierce gale,
From the Stark night of vapours the dim rain is driv
And when Lightning is loosed like a deluge from Heaven
She sees the black trunks of the waterspouts spin
And bend, as if Heaven was running in
Which they seemed to sustain with their terrible
As if Ocean had sunk from beneath them— they p
To their graves in the Deep with an Earthquake of so
And the waves & the thunders made silent aroun
Save the wind in its echo. She veiled now to st
Though the low trailing rack of the tempest is lo
In the skirts of the thundercloud,— now down the h
Of the wind-cloven wave to the chasm of the dee
It sinks, & the walls of the watery vale
Whose depths of dread calm are unmoved by the g
Dim mirrors of ruin hang gleaming about—
While the surf like a chaos of stars, like a rout
Of death-lights, like whirlpools of fire-flowing ir
With splendour & terror the black Ship environ
Or like sulphur-flakes hurled from a mine of Hell

fountains spout over it — In many a spire
& pyramid-billows with white points of brine
In the cope of the lightning inconstantly shine
As piercing the sky from the floor of the sea ....
The great ship seems splitting ... it cracks as a tree
While an Earthquake is splintering its root, one fierce
Of the winds that shrieked it of branches has left ...
The intense thunderbolts which are raining from Heaven
Have shattered its mast, & it stands black & riven ...
The chinks suck destruction ... the heavy dead hulk
On the living sea rolls, an enormous bulk
Like a corpse on the clay which is hungering to
Its corruption around it .... Meanwhile from the hold
One deck is burst up by the waters below
And it splits like the ice when the thaw-breezes blow
O'er the lakes of the Desart .. Who sits on the other?
Is that still the crew who lie burying each other
Like the dead in a breach, round the fore-mast? Ay, this
Is the Tyrian Ty-ger, who burst, when the waters arose
In the agony of terror, their children in the hold —
What now makes them tame is what then made them bold)
Who crouch side by side, & roar down like a crash
The deep gash of their claws through the vibrating plank

63

Are these all? — Nine weeks the tall vessel had lain
On the wide, wide expanse of the watery plain,
Where the death-darting sun cast no shadows at noon
And there seemed to be fire in the beams of the moon
Till a dead-colored fog gathered up from the sea
Where death was quick Pestilence... then the wild sky
Except the bright stars the stars of a thick field of corn
O'er the pestilous vessel — & even & morn
With their hammocks for coffins, the mariners age
Like dead men the dead limbs of their comrades cast
Down the Deep, which closed on them above & around
And the sharks & the dogfish their grave-cloths unbound
And ever a mutter'd like fever curse was manna
From God on their wilderness... One ayear on
The mariners died; on the Eve of this day
When the tempest was gathering in clouds round
But seven remained. Six to them dear as wife
And they lie black as mummies in white Tropic sun
Like dream of the unburied — the seventh from the dead
An oak splinter pierced through his breast & his back
And hung nail'd to the tempest, a wreck on the wreck
No more! At the helm, lit a human more
Than Heaven when unbinding its star-braided hair

It sinks with the sun on the earth & the sea —
She clasps a bright child on her ungathered kine —
It laughs at the lightning — it mocks the mixed thing
Of fire air & the sea, with desire & with wonder
It is reckoning the triggers to rise & come over
It would play with their eyes when they wander
It outshining the motion — oh, bosom full of sea
The heart-fire of pleasure has kindled the eye
It will die my mother is lost to the sky — "I will not my child
"But sleep deeply & wisely & so be beguiled
"Of the pang that await us, whatever that be,
"So dreadful, since then must divide it with me
"Dream, sleep." This pale bosom thy cradle & bed
Will it rock thee not silent? the beating within
Alas, what is life what is death what are we
That when the life sinks we no longer may be?
What to see thee no more, & to feel thee no more
To be after life what we have been before?
Not to touch thine sweet hands? oh! not to look on thine
Those lips & that hair, all the smiling disguise
Thou gav'st heaven? that Spirit which I, day by day
Have so long called my child, but which now flies away
Like a cloud in the light, & I the form shown "oh, stay

65/
[illegible] — it [illegible] — the [illegible] ports dispe-
the Zephyr dies away when they feel the storm burst
Crawling each by each on them, — hair, eyes, limbs, fa
Hard rigid with horror, a cry
Went out from their pitiable terror, deeply
Under its breast the mountainous vale of the forest
Resounding like thunder from crag to cave
Mixed with the clash of the clustering caves
Hurled on by the might of the Hurricane
The Hurricane came from the West, & past on
By the path of the gate of the eastern sun
Transversely dividing the stream of the storm
As an arrowy Serpent pursuing the form
Of an Elephant, bursts through the brakes of the Wa
Black as a Cormorant the screaming Blast
Between Ocean & Heaven, like an Ocean, past
Till it came to the clouds on the verge of the Wor
Which based on the sea, & the Heaven upheld
Like [illegible] columns & [illegible] did sustain
The divorce of the Tempest... it rent them in twain
As a flood rends its [illegible] of mountainous crag
And the dense clouds in many a mass & rag
Like the stones of a Temple ere earthquake has

Like the dust of its fall—on the tempest-wind are cast—
They are scattered like foam on the torrent—& where
the wheat has burst out thro' the chasm, from the air
A clear morning, the beams of the sunrise flow in
Unimpeded, keen, golden & crystalline—
Banded armies of a light & of air—at once gate
They encounter, but interpenetrate—
And that black in the tempest is widening away
And the caverns of cloud are torn up by the Day
And the fierce winds are sinking with weary wings
Lulled by the motions & murmurings
And the long glassy heave of the rocking sea
And overhead, glorious but dread yet to see
The wrecks of the tempest like vapours dyed
In consuming in sunrise. The heaped waves
The deep calm of blue heaven dilating beheld above
And the prisons made still by the presence of Love
Beneath the clear surface reflecting it slide,
Tremulous with soft influence; extending its tide
From the Arctic to Atlas from ocean to mountain-girt
Inland sea bride & wreath, paved with heaven's azure
The wide world of waters is vibrating. Where late

67) In the Ship? — In the jaws of the wave also. — It lay
One Tyger is mingled in ghastly affray
With a Sea Snake — the foam & the smoke of their
Stain the clear air with scarlet — the gair & the roar
Of the bones crushed by the infinite sleight
Of the Snake's adamantine voluminousness —
And the hum of the hot blood that sprouts & drains
Where the gripe of the Tyger has wounded the scaly
Swollen with rage strength & effort — the howl &
The shock
As of some hideous Engine whose brazen teeth grind
The stern winds & soft waves into thunder — the scream
And hissings — crawl over all the Ocean seems,
Each sound like a centipede. Near this commotion
A blue shark is ranging within the blue Ocean
The fin-winged tomb of the Victor. — The other
Is winning his way from the fate of his brother
To his own, with the speed of despair. — Lo a boat
Advances, — twelve oars with the impulse of wrath
Urge on the keen keel; the brine foams — at the stern
Three marksmen stand levelling. Hot bullets burn
In the breast of the Tyger, which yet bears him
To his lunge & groan. — One fragment alone

Sea shrinking & sinking .... the moon almost gone ...
Of the wreck of the vessel peers out of the sea ..
With her left hand she grasps it convulsively
With the right she sustains her fair infant — Death
Love, Beauty, are mixed in the atmosphere — Fear
which trembles & burns with the fervour of the
Around her wild eyes, her bright hair, & her form
Like a meteor of light on the waters .... her child
Is yet smiling & playing & murmuring .. so smile
The false deep on the storm ... like a serpent & betray
The child & the Ocean still smile on each other
& while —— ..

Pisa - April 1820

69

To Night.

Swiftly walk o'er the western Wave.
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where, all the long & lone daylight
Thou wovest dreams of joy & fear,
Which make thee terrible & dear
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day
Kiss her until she be ~~wearied out~~
Then wander o'er City Sea & Land
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long sought!

When I arose & saw the dawn
I sighed for thee
When Light rode high, & the dew was gone
And noon lay heavy on flower & tree
And the weary day turned to his rest
Lingering like an unloved guest
I sighed for thee

Thy mother Death came, & cried
Would'st thou me?
Thy sweet child Sleep the filmy-eyed
murmured like a noontide bee
Shall I nestle near thy side
Would'st thou me? & I replied
No, not thee!

Death will come when thou art dead
Soon too soon
Sleep will come when thou art fled
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night
Swift be thine approaching flight
Come soon, soon!

An Anacreontic.

The fountains mingle with the River
And the rivers with the Ocean
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion
No thing in the world is single
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle
Why not I with thine?

See, the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea
What are all these kissings worth
If thou kiss not me

Florence – January [illegible]

An Exhalation

Can a chameleon live if it eat air,
Poets food is love & fame —
If in this wide world of care
Poets could but find the same
With a little local air
Free from hate & envy's leer
Love might change this hue
To that it cannot do
Fading it to every day
Dreary time & dun gray?

Poets are in this cold earth
As chameleons might be
Fed from their early birth
In a cave beneath the sea;
Where light is, chameleons change;
Where love is not, Poets do;
Fame is love disguised — if few
Find either — never think it strange
That poets range.

Let none dare not
A Poets fame and heavenly mind
If right chameleon should devour
Any food but dreams & wind

77/ They would grow as earthly soon
as their brother lizards are —
~~Locusts~~ Children of a ~~summer day~~ summer day: ~~their~~ star
Spirits from beyond the moon —
O, refuse the boon!

Pisa - April 1820

Ode to Heaven *

Palace roof of cloudless nights
Paradise of golden lights
Deep, immeasurable, vast,
Which art now, & which wert then;
Of the present and the past
Of the eternal where & when
Presence chamber, Temple, Home,
Ever canopying Dome
Of acts & ages yet to come!

Glorious shapes have life in thee
Earth and all earths company
Living globes which ever throng
Thy deep chasms & wildernesses
And green worlds that glide along
And swift stars with flashing tresses
And icy moons most cold & bright
And mighty suns beyond the night
Atoms of intensest light.

79

Even thy name is as a God
Heaven! for thou art the abode
Of that Power which is the stay
Wherein man his nature sees;—
Generations as they pass
Worship thee with bended knees
Their unremaining Gods & they
Like a river roll away—
Thou remainest such—alway!

Thou art but the mind's first chamber
Round which its young fancies clamber
Like weak insects in a cave
Lighted up by stalactites
But the portal of the ~~portal~~ ~~cave~~ grave
Where a world of new delights
Will make thy best glories seem
But a dim and noonday gleam
From the shadow of a dream.

Peace! the abyss is wreathed with scorn
At your presumption, atom-born!

What is Heaven? And what are ye?
Who its Vast Space inherit?
What are suns & spheres which flee
With the instinct of that Spirit
Of which ye are but a part?
Drops which Nature's Mighty Heart
Drives through thinnest veins. Depart!

What is Heaven? a globe of dew
Filling in the morning new
Some cyclic flower whose young leaves waken
On an unimagined world:
Constellated suns unshaken
Orbits measureless are furled
In that fair & fading sphere
With ten millions gathered there
To tremble gleam & disappear!

Florence—December 1819

81

Song

Lovely, loveliest art thou
Spirit of Delight!
Wherefore hast thou left me now
Many a day & night
Many a weary night & day
'Tis since thou art fled away

How shall ever one like me
Win thee back again?
With the joyous & the free
Thou wilt scoff at pain
Spirit pale! that lovest to
Sit but those who love thee not

As a lizard with the shade
Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near
And reproach thou wilt not hear

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure
Thou wilt never come for pity—
Thou wilt come for pleasure
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, & thou wilt stay—

I love all that thou lovest
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves dress'd
And the starry night
Autumn evening, & the morn
When the golden mists are born

I love snow, & all the forms
Of the radiant frost
I love waves & winds & storms—
Every thing almost
Which is Nature's & may be
Untainted by man's misery

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society

83

As is quiet, wise & good;
Between [illegible] & me
What difference? but thou dost pursue
The things I seek — not love them like.

I love Love. though he has wings
And like light can flee —
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee —
Thou art Love & Life. O come
Make one room my heart thy home.

Pisa - May - 1820

A Dream

I dreamed that as I was wandering by the way
Bare winter suddenly was changed to spring
And gentle odours led my steps astray
Mixed with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse – & hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream
But kissed it & then fled – as thou mightest in dream

There grew pied wind-flowers & violets,
Daisies those pearled Arcturi of the earth –
The constellated flowers that never sets,
Faint oxlips, – tender blue bells at whose birth
The grass sod scarce heaved, & that tall flower
Like a child, half in tenderness & mirth,
Its mother's face with Heaven's collected tears
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears

And in the warm hedge there grew eglantine
And cowbind & the moonlight-coloured May
And cherry blossoms, & white cups where wine
Was the bright dew yet drained not by the d
And wild vines, & ivy serpentine
With its dark buds & leaves, wandering ab
And flowers green & black & streaked with gol
Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, & pure pranked with
And starry river-buds among the sedge
And bright water lilies, broad & bright
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedg
Floating below in the (may) water light
And bulrushes & reeds, of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues which in their natural
Were simply set or opposed – the like array
Kept these imprisoned children of the Hours
Within my hand... & then elate & gay
I hastened to the spot whence I had come
That I might there present it – oh to whom?

87

Ode to Liberty.

1

A glorious people vibrated again
The lightning of the nations — Liberty
From heart to heart, from tower to tower, o'er Spa
Scattering contagious fire into the sky
Gleamed. My soul spurned the chains of its bisma
And in the rapid plumes of song
Clothed itself sublime & strong;
As a young eagle wars the morning clouds amon
Hovering in verse o'er its accustomed prey
Till from its station in the Heaven of fam
The spirits whirlwind wapt it, & the ray
Of the remotest sphere of living flam
Which paves the void, was from behind it flu
As foam from a ship's swiftness. When
A voice out of the Deep. I will record the sam
there can

2.

The Sun and the serenest moon sprang forth
The burning stars of the Abyss were hurled
Into the depths of Heaven — The dædal Earth
That Island in the Ocean of the world
Hung in its cloud of all sustaining air:
But this divinest Universe

The Italian Serenade

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night
The winds are breathing low
And the stars are burning bright
I arise from dreams of thee
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me, who knows how?
To thy chamber window sweet

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream
The Champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream
The Nightingale's complaint
It dies upon her heart
As I must die on thine
O beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale
My cheek is cold and white alas!
My heart beats loud and fast
O press it close to thine again
Where it will break at last

Song

Swifter far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night—
Art thou come and gone;
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is fled,
As the heart when joy is fled,
I am left lone, alone—

The swallow Summer comes again,
The owlet night resumes her reign,
But the wild swan youth is fain
To fly with thee, false as thou.
My heart each day desires the morrow,
Sleep it self is turned to sorrow,
Vainly would my winter borrow
Living leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed
Roses for a matron's head
Violets for a maiden dead
Pansies let my flowers be.

In the damp grave I bear.
Scatter them without a tear,
Let no friend, however dear,
Waste one hope, one fear for me.

To William —

With what truth may I say
Roma! Roma! Roma!
Non è più come era Roma

My lost William, thou in whom
Some light spirit lived, and did
That decaying robe consume
Which it wore, joyantly hid,
Here its ashes find a tomb, —
But beneath this pyramid
Thou art not — if a thing divine
Like thee, can die — thy funeral shrine
Is thy Mother's grief and mine.

Where art thou, my gentle child?
Let me think thy spirit feeds,
Within its life intense and mild,
The love of living leaves and weeds
Among these tombs and ruins wild

Let me think that thro' low seeds
Of sweet flowers and sunny grass
Into their hues and scents may pass
A portion ———

To a Sky-Lark.

Hail to thee blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert;
That from Heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art
— invent

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken Sun —
O'er which clouds are brightening
Thou dost float & run;
like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight,
Like a Star of Heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, — but yet I hear thy shrill
delight

(4)

Keen as are
~~Thy notes, like~~ the snows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see — we feel that it is there

2

Higher still & higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest
and
And singing still dost soar, & soaring ever singest

All the earth & air —
With thy voice is loud,
As when Night is bare
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams — and Heaven is overf

What thou art we know not
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not —
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody

Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes & fears it heeded not —

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour,
With music sweet as love — which overflows her bower

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers & grass which screen it from the view

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves —
By warm winds deflowered —
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers, or
All that ever was
Joyous & clear & fresh, thy music doth surpass

Teach us, Sprite or Bird
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That flows forth a flood of rapture so divine

Chorus Hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain
What fields or waves or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Langour cannot be –
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee
Thou boat – but never knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem,
Things more true & deep
Than we mortals dream
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before & after
And pine for what is not
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought

Yet if we could scorn
Hate & pride & fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near

Better than all measures
Of dainty devised sound -
Better than all treasures
That in books are found -
Thy skill to poet were thrice crown'd

Than Fancy my fairest child
Thou art my sister dear
Then my fairest child be mild
Now my own woman's heart
Be with what I write here — as I am sitting near

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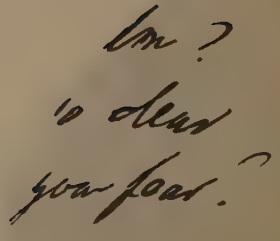

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Hymn to Mercury
Translated from the
Greek of Homer

1

Sing Muse the son of Maia & of Jove
The Herald-child the King of Arcadia
And all its pastoral hills - whom in a cave
having been born a lovely modest Nay
The fair-haired [illegible] to pass an ambiguous gen-
Shadows the cavern where the [illegible]
In the deep night, unseen by Gods or men
And white-armed Juno slumbered quietly then

2

Soon when the joy of [illegible] the [illegible]
Sings & calls forth more chronicled hunt-chief
The son to bright a babe all babes excelling,
Mischief-subtle beyond all belief,
A shepherd of the dreams, a cow-stealing
A night-watching & door-lurking thief
Who should the [illegible] was soon about to shine
Like [illegible] glorious actions to attribute

3

The babe was born at the first peep of day
He [illegible] playing on the lyre at noon

And the same evening did he steal away
Apollo's herds,— the fourth day of the mon
In which him bore the venerable Maay—.
Scarce his immortal limbs he leaped full sor
Of ling'ring within his sacred cradle keep,
But out to seek Apollo's herds would creep

4

Out of the lofty cavern wandering
He found a tortoise & cried out— a treasure!
For Mercury first made the lyre to sing
The beast before the portal at his leisure
The flowery herbage was departuring
Moving on feet in a deliberate measure
Over the sward. Soon Jove's propitious son
Eyeing him laughed & laughing thus began

5

A useful god send are you to me now
King, the dance, companion of the feast
Lovely in all your nature! Hail to you
Welcome playfully— whence sweet mountain toy
Got you that variegated shell this much I kno
You must come home with me & be my guest
You will give joy to me, & civil ob
All that is in my power a honor you

better to be at home than out of doors—
at home with one's thoughts it has been said
that you alone differ from magic spells
& know you are living sweetly when you're dead;
then having spoken the gigantic serpent bra-
sifting it from the grass on which it fed
And grasping it in his delighted hold
his treasured prize into the cavern old

7

Then scooping with a chisel of grey steel
he bored the life & soul out of the heart—
Not swifter a swift thought of woe or weal
Darts through the tumult of a human heart
Which thronging cares annoy,— not swifter wheel
The flashes of its torture & unrest
Out of the dizzy eyes— than Maia's son
All that he did devise hath featly done

8

And through the tortoises hard stony skin
At proper distances small holes he made
And fastened the cut stems of reeds within
And with a piece of leather overlaid
The other space, & fixed the cubits in

fitting the bridge to both, & stretching over the
Symphonious cords of sheep gut chromicked

9

When he had wrought the lovely instrument,
He tried the chords, & made division meet
Preluding with the plectrum, & there went
All from beneath his hand a tumult sweet
Of mighty sounds, & from his lips he sent
A strain of unpremeditated wit
Joyous & wild & wanton — such you may
Hear among revellers on a holiday

10

He sang how Love & May & the bright sands
Dallied in love not a little agitated;
And his own kitten still scolding at his scanty
And naming his own name; & celebrate;
His mother cares & servant maids he blames
In plastic verse, how he set stuff & state
Perennial pot, trippet & frayed pea —
But singing he conceived another plan

11

Seized with a sudden fancy for fresh meat
He in his sacred cist deposited
The goodly lyre, and from the cavern sweet
Issuing, with great leaps up the mountain
Bethinking in his mind some subtle feat

or thievish craft, such as a swindler might
Devise in the lone season of dewy night

12

As the great Sun under the ocean bed has
Driven steeds & chariot— the child was unable then
For the Pierian mountains clothed in shadow
When the immortal oxen of the God
Are pastured in the flowering marsh meadows
And safely stalled in a remote abode—
The archer Argicide elate & proud
Drove fifty from the herd, lowing aloud

13

He drove them wandering over the sandy way
But being ever mindful of his craft,
Backward & forward drove he them astray
So that the tracks which seemed before, were aft,
His sandals then he threw to the Ocean Spray
And for each foot he wrought a kind of raft
Of tamarisk, & tamarisk-like Springs
And bound them in a lump with withy twigs

14

And on his feet he tied them sandals light
The frail of whose wide leaves might not betray
His haste; & then, a self-subsisting wight

114) Like a man hastening on some distant way
He from Pieria's mountain bent his flight;
But an old man perceived the insolent step
Down green Orchestus headed like beds with grass.

15

The old man stood stepping his swing-ey ewes:
"Hallloo! Old fellow with the crushed shoulder.
You gait there stumpy! before they will be ar
The thistles even you must grow a little older.
Attend! pray to this advice of mine
So you mouth escape what might provoke a blow
Seeing see not— and hearing hear not— and—
If you have understanding— understand!"

16

So saying Hermes roused the oxen vast—
Oi shadowy mountain & wooding dale
And flower-paven plain, past Hermes past;
Till the black night divine which journeys
Around his steps, grew grey, & morning fast
Awakened the world to work & fire from his cell
Sea-steward, the Pallantean Moon subterrene
Into her watch tower fled and began to climb

17

Now to Alpheus he had driven all
The broad-foreheaded oxen of the Sun:

They come unwearied to the lofty stall
And to the water troughs which cover run
Through the fresh fields & when with
ambrosia full
ox hair & all sweet herbage soon are
And hastened been, the great God made them
Towards the stall in a collected drove.
16

A mighty pile of wood the God then heaped
And having soon conceived the mystery
Of fire, from two smooth laurel branches stript
The bark & rubbed them in his palms, — on high
Suddenly forth the burning vapour leapt —
Around the divine child soon delightedly —
Mercury first found out for human weal
Fire drier, mother, fire-wood, flint, & steel
19

And fire dry logs & roots in numerous
He gathered and a debor upon the ground —
And kindled them — & wistan tameless
The strength of the fierce flame was breathed around
And whilst the might of glorious Vulcan the
Bright the great pile with glare & roaring arose
Afar. Forth the two heifers drove and
Even to the pit such multitude was in the God-

90

And on the earth upon their backs to turn
The flaming beards, – & roll them o'er & o'er
And broil their loins out. Nor is more due
He eat up fat & flesh, & down before
The fire, on spits of wood to turn the limbs
Roasting their flesh & ribs & all the gore
~~Dooreed~~ Pured in the bowels – & while this was
He stretched their limbs over a craggy stone

21

He mortals let ascend or gods, & then
Cast it up after long consideration –
But joy'd in mind & thence from the glen
Drew the fat spoils to the more open station
Of a flat smooth area, & portioned them,
He had by lot assigned to each a nation
& when
Of the twelve Gods; & his mind became aware
Of all the joys which in religion are

22

For the soul's solace & the vexed breast
Temples built through immortal. Neither hope
He checked his haughty will & did not cast
Though what it cost him words can scarce express
And every wish to fast such meats, such

Down his next fated throat, he did upheave
But soon within the lofty portalled stall
He flayed the fat & flesh & bones & all —

23.

And every haec of the fresh butchery
And cooking, the god soon made disappear
As if it all had vanished through the sky
He burned the hoofs & horned head & hair —
For for the rest his devouring flame hungrily
And when he saw that every thing was clear
He quenched the coals & trampled the blackened
Ere in the stream his bloody sandals he laved

24

All night he worked in the serene moonshine —
But when the light of day was spread abroad
He sought his natal mountain peaks divine
In his long wandering, neither man nor God
Had met him, since he killed Apollo's kine
Not hound dog had barked at him on his road,
Now, he obliging by through the keyhole past
Like a thin mist or an autumnal blast

25

Right through the Temple & the spearing cave
He went with soft light feet as if they had
All fell on earth, no sound their falling gave

Then to his cradle he crept quickly & spread
the swaddling clothes about him, & the brave
boy playing with the covering of the bed
with his left hand up about his knees - the
held his beloved tortoise-lyre right [illegible]

26

There he lay innocent as a new born child
As gossips say, but though he was a god,
the goddess his fair mother, understood
know all that he had done being abroad
"Whence come you & from what adventure now
You coming home, & where have you abode
all the long night, clothed in your immortal
What have you done since you departed hence?

27

Apollo soon with speed within this gate
shall bind your beaten body in a chain
Inextricably tight & fast as fate
Unless you can delude the gods again.
Even when within his arms - ah runagate!
A pretty torment both for god & man
Your father made when he made you." "dear mother
Replied Hermes, wherefore vex'd & [illegible]

ask

28

if I were like other babes as old,
And understood nothing of what is that
nd cared at all to hear my mother tells
I in my subtle brain a scheme have got
hath whilst the sacred stars roun[d] thereon
will prop you & me — nor shall our lot
Be as you counsel without gifts or food
To spend our days in this obscure abode

29

But we will leave this shadowy spider cave
And live among the Gods, & pass each day
In bright [illegible]
[illegible]
And from the portion which my father gave
To Thales, I will snatch my share away,
Which if my father will not — nathless I
Who am the king of letters — can not pay

30

And if Latona's son should find me out
With countenance like a deeper glen
Of pines the Pythian temple walls throughout
And such the fame of every thing I can
Fall down & kiss his feet great worth me deem
Such [illegible]

All the wrought tapestries & garments gay —
So they together talked — meanwhile the day

31

Celestial - born arose out of the deep
Of Morning & on living wings to run —
Apollo (last & grand the sacred word
Which to the inmost depth of man & god
Echoes the voice of Neptune — & then stood
On the same spot in green Orchestra then
That same old animal the vinedresser
Who was employed hedging his vineyard then

32

Latonas gemini sun began — "Day
Fell on that hedger of Orchestra green
Whether a deer or hind was in the way
All heifers with crooked horns — for the low
Moon, on the hind in high Sicilia —
Where a black bull for one goddess bellows
Two woody mountains in a night throughout
And four fierce days watched her companions

33

And, what is strange as men the story
Has stolen the fatted heifers away
But the four days & the black bull are left

Stolen they were last night at set of sun.
O Jesus & Mary & thine sweet Son beseech—
Now tell me, man born we the words began
Have you seen any man pass with the cows—
To whom the man of overhanging brows

34

My friend it would require no common skill
Worthy to speak of every thing I see.
For various purposes of good or ill
Many pass by my vineyard—& to me
It is difficult to know the invisible
Thoughts which in all those many minds may be
This much alone I certainly can say:
I killed those vines till the decline of day

35

And then I thought I saw, but dare not speak
With certainty of such a wondrous thing
A child who could not have been born a week
Upon his fair-horned cattle closely following
And in his hand he held a golden stick.
And as on purpose he walked wavering
From one side to the other of the road—
And with his face oftened the steps he trod

36

Upon hearing this hurt quickly on —
No winged omen could have more clear
That the deceiver was his father
To the God with a bright
Around his shoulders, & like fire is gone
To famous Pylos, seeking his kin there
And found their king & his, yet hardly could
And cried — "What wonder do mine eyes behold!

37

Here are the footsteps of the horned head
Turned back towards their fields of asphodel
But these! — are not the tracks of beast or bird
Grey wolf or bear or lion of the dell
Or maned centaur — and was never there
Any man or woman seen! — Inexplicable!
Who with unnerved feet could e'er imagine
She dares with such enormous vestiges —

38

But was not strange — but this is stranger still.
Then having said, Pharos unpiloted by
Sought high Cyllene's fourth cincture hill
And the deep grotto cavern there and shadow
And when the ambrosial night, with happy wife

from the Saturnian cave of his birth
And a delightful odour from the dew
of his silk garments, at his coming, flew
30
And Phoebus stopped amidst the craggy cliff
Of Ida over the dark cavern — Maia's child
Perceived that he came angry, far above,
About the cave of which he had been begniled
And over him the pine & fragrant wood
Of his ambrosial swaddling clothes he spied
As a strong fire burns a burning speck
Of wood, beneath the ashes cold & dark
40
There like an infant who had sucked his fill
And now was newly washed & put to bed,
Awake, but courting sleep with weary will
And pettish in a lump hands feet & head
He lay, and his beloved tortoise shell fast
He grasped & held under his shoulder-blade
Phoebus the lovely mountain-goddess knew
And his own subtle cunning baby, who
41
Lay swathed in his oily wiles around every crook
Of the ample cavern, for his kine, lifted

looked sharp, & when he saw them not, he bid
the glittering key & opened three great hollow
recesses in the rock - where many a mark
was filled with the sweet food immortals wish
and mighty heaps of silver & of gold
lay piled within - a wonder to behold.

42

And white & silver robes - all curiously
wrought with many workmanship of Vulcan
wept among the Gods - then can he might
in the wide world to be compared with it -
Later as offspring, after having sought
this he bids in every palace come - Then did great
great Hermes - "Little cradled rogue
of my illustrious sacrifices, where they are

43

speak quickly - or a quarrel between us
must rise, & the event will be, that I
shall send you into Orcus
to bring up from thence eternally.
Nor shall you rather or your mother lose
the bars of that black dungeon - utterly
you shall be cast out from the light of day
To mix the sports of men - assembled as they

to whom then thou shalt answer — Son.
O great Saturn, what a speech is this
to come you here to ask me what is done
with the wild sea which it seems you miss,
when not ten hours, no scarce any one
hours hence a word of the whole business;
if you should promise an immense reward
I could not tell more than you now have heard

45

For ox stealer should be both strong & tall —
And I am but a little new born thing
as you, yet at least can think of nothing wrong
My business is to suck & sleep, & fling
the coverlet about me all day long
& hear my sweet mother sing
that I be washed in water clean & warm
and kissed & kept secure from harm

46

O, let not this quarrell be owned
Thy as friend of God, would laugh at you if ever
you should allege a thing so absurd
As that a new born infant for the world fare
not of his home after a savage herd —
I was born yesterday — my smell yet an

for tenders for the words so hard & rough —
And if you think that this is not enough

47
I swear a great oath by my father's head —
That I stole not your cows, & that I know
Of no one else, who might or could or did —
Whatever things were lost, I do not know
For I have only heard the names" This said
He winked as fast as could be & his head
Was nodded & a whistle loud gave he
Like one who hears some strange absurdity

48
Apollo gently smiled & said — "Aye aye
You cunning little rascal, you will have
Many a nick on ere's brow, & gone away
Of thieves with lay their edge before they dare
Silent as night, or night; & many a day
In the wild glens must shepherds wide bewail
That you or yours having an appetite
For [illegible] cattle, [illegible]

[illegible]
To be considered as the [illegible] of those
Who swindle Roundsmen [illegible]
But now, if you would not [illegible]

must out – then saying Phebus did uplift
the subtle infant in his swaddling clothes
and in his arms, according to his wont
to scheme deceit the illustrious Argicphont

50

he sent out of his belly, that wind was
a fearful herald of the event behind
and sneezed & shuddered – Phebus at the grasp
of him strove, & whilst all that he had design
he did perform – eager although to help
his son that started from his mighty mind
towards the subtle babe the following scoff
– not imagine they will get you off

51

Son little swaddled child of Jove & Maia
and sings him – by this omen I shall find
my cattle herds. & you shall lead the way
Cyllenian Hermes from the grassy plain
Like one in earnest haste to get away
Soon, & with hands lifted towards his face
Turned to the left & from his shoulders
his swaddling clothes and "What mean you

"With me you unkind God, said Mercury
Is it about these cows you thus are so?
I wish the use of cows were perished
If the not your cows - I do not care
What things cows are. alas I well may
That ever I came into these words of art
I should have ever heard the name of cow -
But perished to the Saturnian Pluto

53

Thus Phaeton & the vagrant Mercury
Talked without coming to an explanation
With adverse purpose - each for his own
Sought not wrongs but only information
And thieves tried with lies & roguery
To cheat Apollo - but when no evasion
Served - for the cunning one his match his
He placed on foot over the sandy ground

54

He of the silver bow the child of Jove
Followed behind, till to them heavenly Jove
Came both his child as beautiful as love
And from his equal balance did require
A judgement in the cause wherein they the

ri odorous Olympus & the mount
murmuring down all as they came anon

55

And from the fold depths of the quiet hill,
While Hermes & Apollo went stood
Before Jove's throne, the undestructible
Immortals crushed in mighty multitude.
[illegible] their seats in order due they fill
The lofty thunderer in a careless mood
Of pleasure said — "O heavenly [illegible]
[illegible] yesterday

56

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

by the low shore on which the broad sea laughed
he might draw to the river ford had driven
a new astonishment which made you
to see the startled kind of both the strange
the two impress thereon he did range

58

the cattle's track on the black dust, full well
so evident, as they went to water
the place from which they came - that unfathomable
shadow in which I feel my every limb
his steps were most incomprehensible
I know not how I can describe in words
those tracks - he must have gone along the
bottom upon his feet nor on his hands

59

he must have had some other strange mode
of moving on: those vestiges can mean
for as I traced them on the sandy ooze
seemed like the trail of rock-tossing - but there
no mark or track denoting where they took
the hard ground gave - but wondering at his
almost hideous form as he stood -
to Python with the curse - in fiery haste.

60 dark
found that in the night he quietly
had sacrificed some cows, & before light
had thrown the aether all-deepenedly
about the cord - then, while as yet my night
had crept into his cradle, either eye
flashing, & agitating some new slight
the eagle could not have seen him as he lay
hid in his cavern from the glowing day.

61
heard him with the fact, that he avenged
Mars so keenly that he did neither see
or in any manner heard.
Of my last conversation, could be.
For could he tell, though often a wizard,
one who could tell of them to me
speaking Phoebus Sate, & Hermes then
adduce the Supreme, Lord of gods & men.

62
Great Father, you know clearly be for them
that all which I shall say to you is true,
am a most veracious person, and
totally unacquainted with untruth
Phoebus, any but with you

I gods to bear. Bear witness, sir, I am truth
So may a bode zeburry his happiness there
And saying I must shew them where they are

63

If he would bind me down the dark abyss
I know that every Athenian drink
Is worked with speed & might & manliness
As a green bank with flowers — but envy
Was born yesterday, & you may guess
He well knew this when he instigated the
Of bullying a poor little ass born
That stuff, & never thought of conditions

64

Am I like a strong fellow who steals time?
Believe me, dearest Father, such you are,
This dawning of the hero is more of genius
Accept my thanks kind sir I wonder ne'er
So many I write — I reverence the divine
Sun, & the gods, & I love you, & love
Even for this horrid accusal — who cannot know
I am as innocent as they or you

65

I grieve by these most glorious & upright Gentlemen
That is you will allow

through which the multitude of the immortals
pass & which forever, day & night
are wiving schemes for the affairs of mortals
That I am guiltless — and I will requite
Although mine enemy be great & strong
His cruel threat — do thou defend the young

66

So speaking the Cyllenian Argeiphont
Worked, as if now his adversary was settled
And Jupiter according to his wont
Laughed heartily to hear the subtle-witted
Infant give such a plausible account
And every word a lie — but he remitted
Judgement at present — & his scepter shook
So to compose the affair by arbitration

67

And they by night — Jupiter over hidden
Go forth with a single purpose both,
Neither the other thinking not yet chidden.
And Mercury with innocence & truth
To lead the way, & show where he had bidden
His mighty heifers — Hermes, nothing loth
Beyond the Argicide's will, for he
Is able to persuade all easily —

These lovely children of Romans highest Lord
Hastened to Pylos & the spacious wide
And lofty stalls by the Alpheian Ford
Where wealth on the mute night is mutely piled
With silent growth; while Hermes down the Road
Out of their stony cover Phaleas spied
The kids of whom the little babe had slain
Stretched on the precipice above the plain

69

Now was it possible, then Phaleas said
That you, a little child, born yesterday
A thing on mothers milk & grass fed
Could two prodigious herds even slay—
Even I myself may well hereafter dread
Your prowess, offspring of Cyllenean May
When you grow strong & fate— he spoke & drew
Still with his hands the infants wish anew

70

He might as well have bound the rain and wind.
The lusty hands, though stark by winter bit
Fell at the feet of the immortal Child
Loosened by some device of his quick wit

Who by perceiving himself again be guile
and stand - while Hermes caught some hole or pit
looking askance & winking fast as thought
where he might hide himself & not be caught

71

Sudden he changed his stem, & with strong skill
he stood the strong strains by the might
of winning music to his mighties will;
his left hand held the lyre, & in his right
the plectrum struck the chords - and upsprung
up from beneath his hand in circling flight
the sounding getting music rose - & sweet as love
the penetrating notes did live & move

72

within the heart of great Apollo - he
listened with all his soul & mingled for pleasure
low to his song & stood hearing pensively
the unaccustomed harp, & to the measure
of the sweet lyre, there followed deep & pure
his joyous song, for he understood the treasure
of the deep song, illustrating the birth
of the bright Gods & the dark desert Earth

73

and how to the immortals every one

a portion was assigned of all that is;
But chief Mercurius did Maia's son
Clothe in the light of his fond melodies—
And as each god was known had begun
He in their order due & fit degrees
Sung of his birth & being— and did move
Apollo to unutterable love

74

These words were hung with his swift descent
"You thief for killing cattle well do you
Deserve that fifty oxen should requite
Such mischievous as these had been now—
Comrade of feasts— with coming night
One of your secrets I would gladly learn
Whether the glorious power you have since
Ever folded safe within your arms—

75

Or whether aught of God inspires
Thy power of sure melodious song—
Many divine words have I heard
The Olympian Gods & mortals now among
That such a strain of wondrous charm, as
And soul-awakening music sweet & strong

[illegible] old Priam hear to cry from the
[illegible] day, when [illegible] heavy?

78

What law, what skill what unmoved use
That science of subtle Art has given
Thy songs such power, for those who hear?
From thee, the chorus of the sky of heaven
Delight - a love & sleep - sweet sleep, whose
Dear sorcery thou the balmy tears of even -
And of woe speak the pain & that
From the Olympian lamps can [illegible]

79

And this delight is dance & the [illegible] non
[illegible] ever flowing [illegible] -
And thee [illegible] as [illegible] the hand over
The [illegible] that fills the clear [illegible]
Say [illegible] my inmost soul again
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] wonder [illegible] [illegible] of [illegible]
Thy asking & thy song are so [illegible]

78

Now [illegible] that we [illegible] so many [illegible]
[illegible] are so glorious, thou swear
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] can be

[illegible] between what I promise here
That I will lead thee to the Olympian hall
Pronounced & mighty, with thy mother dear
And many glorious gifts in joy will give thee
And even at the end will never deceive thee

70

To whom then Mercury with prudent speech
"Wisely hast thou enquired of my skill:
I envy thee nothing I know to teach
Even this day: for both in word & will
I would be gentle with thee, thou canst learn
All things in thy own spirit, & thy will
Is highest in Heaven among the sons of Jove
Who love thee in the fulness of his love.

80

The counsellor supreme has given to thee
Divinest gifts, out of the amplitude
Of his prescience & hears thee to answer;
By them to find the depths of our understanding
Of his foresight; by them the mystery
Of all oracular speech & the dread mood
Of the divine is breathed upon - & even
A child - perceives thy might & majesty

Thou canst seek out & compass all that we
can find or track – yet thou wilt come
the higher – to crown the glory giving it –
Shake the sweet chords, & sing aloud, & wake
thy joyous pleasure out of many a fold
of tuned sound – & with thy fleet fingers make
thy happy mind comrade with the
Ear with the answered music eloquently

82

Then bear it boldly to the secret bowers
Where watching dews or feast Solemn
May [illegible] day – for thou endowed
With art & wisdom who interrogate
Teacher, babbling in delightful mood
All things which make the spirit most elate
Softens the mind with sweet familiar play
Making the heavy shadows of the way

83

So thou who are unskilled in it's sweet tongue
Although they should question most persuade
It to it's own soul, if it gossip something wrong
Some secret & confidment reply

But thou who art as wise as thou art strong
Can comprehend all that thou dost not. I
Present thee with this music-flowing shell
Knowing thou canst interrogate it well.

87

And let us two henceforth together feed
On this green mountain's slope & pastoral mead
The beasts in their migration - they will breed
Quickly enough to recompense our need.
If to the hillock's top we take our flight -
And then, though armed with gold & gem & spear
Pluto or not Hades the Invisible - fearing strife
He shall be pacified, & ope his tooth

85

And open him in whom the gentleness lay hid
Subduing him as heretofore - from the eyes
Of Mercury threw laughter a joyous look
And then upspoke with the following shook
The chords, & from beneath his hand a crash
Of mighty sounds smote up, whose music
The lord with sweetness, as of a thrush
His inverted voice a just accordance kept

86

The herd went wandering o'er the divine
Mead
Whilst these most beautiful Sons of Jupiter
Upon their swiftest way ask'd the strong God
Of white Olympus, with the joyous hope
To bless their journey; & their father deem'd
Gathered them both into Paradise
Affection sweet. - & then & now & ever
Storms
Must bow down of the golden grain

87

To whom he gave the bye that smoothly stands
Which skilfully he held & played thereon -
He piped the while, & far & wide reboarded
The echo of his pipings every one
Of the Olympians sate with joy astounded
Which he conceived another piece of fun
One of his old tricks while the God of day
Perceiving said. "I fear thee son of May

88

"Fear not, I pray, thy nimble spirit
Must now shortly steal my bye & cattle too.
This glory & power thou soon from me inherit
& teach all craft when the earth below

Thieves love & worship thee — it is thy merit
To make all mortal business cease & stop
By sovereign power. Now Hermes if you dare
By sacred Styx a mighty oath to swear

89

That you will never rob me, you will do
A thing extremely pleasing to my heart
Then Mercury swore by the Stygian deep
That he would never steal his bow or dart
Or ~~lay~~ his hands on what to him was dear
Or ever would employ his powerful art
Against his ~~P~~ person ~~from him~~ ~~to pass~~. Then Phoebus
There was no God or man whom he loved more

90

And I will give thee as a good withal
The beautiful wand of wealth & happiness
A perfect three-leaved rod of gold with bliss
Whose magic will thy footsteps ever help
And whatsoever by Jove's voice is spoken
Cautiously or divine from its ~~oracle~~ deep
If, like a loving soul to thee will speak
And more than this do thou forbear to seek

91

For, dearest child, tho divinations high
While thou requirest, tis unlawful ever
That thou or any other Deity
Should understand — and I can trace the endeavors
For they are hidden in Jove's mind, & I
In trust of them have sworn that I would never
Betray the counsels of Jove's inmost will
To any God — the oath was terrible

92

Then, Golden-haired brother, ask me not
To speak the fates by Jupiter designed
But be it mine to tell their various gifts
To the unnumbered tribes of human kind
Let good to these & ill to them be wrought
As I dispense, — but he who comes consigned
By voice & wings of perfect augury
To my great shrine shall find avail in me

93

Thou wilt, I art deceiv; but well of that
But he or he comes relying on such words
As [illegible] vanity, & he would strain & twist
The import of the pith with idle words
Into deceits then indeed I [illegible]

this road – whilst I journey my other hoard
this first deposit – yet, O son of Mary
I have one thing wonderful to say

94

There are three late, three virgin sisters, who
rejoicing in their wind-swift feeding wings,
their heads with flour sown over with dust of rose
sit in a vale round which Parnassus flies,
the circling skirts – from them I have learnt the
Vaticinations of remotest things.
My father could not. Whilst his merchant ships
they sit apart & feed on honey combs

95

They having eaten the fresh honey, grow
Drunk with divine inspiration, & with
With curses & with blessings rule the lands they leave;
But if deprived of this sweet food they utter
All falsities with delusions – these to you
I give; if you enquire they will not shelter
Defy'd your own soul with them – any man
You wish to instruct, may profit, if he can

like these & the piercing eyes Maia's child —
Ev'n many a horse & toil endearing mule
Ye jagged-jawed lions, & the wild
White-tusked boar, or ably by field or fool
Of cattle which the mighty Mother rears
Promises on her bosom - these shalt rule —
Thou dost draw the veil from death uplift —
Thou giv'st not - yet this is a great gift

97

Thus King Apollo told the child of May
In truth, & Jove crowned them love with joy
Hermes with Gods & men ever from that day
Mingled & wrought the latter mischief
And little profit wandering far astray
Through the dim night. Hence all delightful Boy
Of Jove & Maia sprang — never by me
Nor thou nor other song shalt unremembered be.

145

To the Lord Chancellor

1

Thy country's curse on thee, darkest Crest
Of that foul, knotted, many-headed Worm
Which rends our mother's bosom — Priest-like Pest!
Masked Resurrection of a buried Form!

2

Thy country's curse is on thee — Justice sold,
Truth trampled, Nature's holiest market overthrown,
And heaps of plund-accumulated gold
Plead, loud as thunder, at Destruction's throne

3

And whilst that sure slow Angel which age stands
Watching the hour of Mutability
Delays to execute her high commands
And, grasping a Nation weeps, shrieks time & flies

4

O let a parent's curse be on thy soul,
And let a daughter's hate be on thy head,
Be lost, & thy grey head, a load on coal
To weigh thee down to approaching doom

5
I curse thee — by a parents outraged love
By hopes long cherished & too lightly lost —
By gentle feelings thou could never prove
By grief which thy stern nature never crost.

6
By those unspoken smiles of happy days
Which were a joy written a stranger breath
Quenched even when kindled like a untimely rays
Hiding the fragrance of a lovely birth —

By [illegible] voice which to the ear
Is [illegible] sounds of love & love divine 2
Not then to
By those pure accents, which at my command
Shall have been framed to love & love devine —
Ever when a life hostile by form rude hand,
Wringing harsh discords — they must echo thine

9
By all the days under a stern kings care
Of child constraint, & bitter heavinefs —
O wretched yet if ever any were —
Sadder than orphans — yet not friendless

(147)

By the false cant which on thine innocent life
Must hang like poison on an opening bloom
By the dark creeds which cover with eclipse
Their pathway from the cradle to the tomb

11

By all the tears
By thy most ~~foul~~ envious Hell, & all its terrors
By all the grief the madness & the guilt
Of those impostures, which must for thee erect
That sand on which thy tottering Power is built

12

By thy complicity with lust & hate —
By thirst for tears — thy hunger for our groans
By cold hands which rear on their wrists
The servile arts on which thou feastest yet

17

By thy most loathing scorn, & by thy smile —
By all the snares & acts of thy black slavery
And — for thou canst not triumph the crocodile
By thy false tears — those milk-less tears, bravo

16

By all the hearts which break a [illegible]
By all the tears which [illegible]

By fragment empires hearts words and more
Nations high Crowns — by Thee — & by Love —

15

Thee the Stepson which bids a father groan
stand any
Thee — no longer call my children mine —
as no longer
Thee whom Within thou veins may be mine own
But, grant, thou forfeited son — by Crime —

16

I curse thee, thou! Had thou — Shame —
If thou canst blush — Earth-consuming Hell.
Of which thou art a Demon, an
Heaven may all thou crawlest by grace
Thou curse stand for a Blessing — Thou thou well

17

By those unpractised accents of your speech
Which he & he is a father thought to frame
To gentlest love, such as the wisest teach —
Thou strike the hope of mine! — oh grief & shame!

18

By all the happy see on childhood youth
That undeveloped flower of budding years —
Greatness & sadness intertwined both,
Inward of the sweetest hopes & saddest fears

Ireland.

Corpses are cold in the tomb—
Stones on the pavement are dumb—
Abortions are dead in the womb—death.
And their mother looks pale—like thy white shroud
Of Albion, free no more.

Her sons are as stones in the way—
They are masses of senseless clay—
They are trodden & move not away;
The abortion with which she travaileth
Is Liberty smitten to death.—

Then trample & dance thou Oppressor
For thy victim is no avenger
Thou art sole Lord & possessor
Of her corpses & abortions—they lie cold
Dry forth & the grave

Leave thou the festival din
Of Death & Destruction & Sin
And Wealth crying Havock! to vultures
In the Battle & Human Sacrifice
Their Faith & Dominion—

Age, marry thy chastity wish
Let Fear & Disquiet & Strife
Spread thy couch in the chamber of life
Marry Queen thine Tyrant! & God be thy guide
To the bed of thy bride

Song

Is it night? ah no, the hour is it
Which seems then it should unite—
Let us remain together still
Then it will be good night.

How should I call the hour night,
Though thy sweet wishes were it's flight—
Be it not said, thought, understood;
Then it will be, good night

To
Two hearts which near each other move
Born every hour to morrow's light
The night is good,- because my love.
They never say good night.

151

Sonnet

Ye haste to the dead! What seek ye there
Ye restless thoughts & busy purposes
Of the idle brain, which the world sees bare?
O thou quick heart which pantest to possess
All that anticipation paints so fair—
Thou restless mind which wouldst guess
Whence thou didst come & whither thou goest
And that which never yet was known would k
O whither hasten ye — that thus ye press
With such swift feet & eyes green & pleasant
Seeking alike from happiness & woe
A refuge in the cavern of grey death?
O heart & mind & thoughts! what thing do you
Hope to inherit in the grave below?

Innocent

The Republic of Benevento.

Our happiness our Majesty our fame,
Gentlemen, Strength, our skill in arms or arts
Shepherd those herds whom Tyranny makes tame
Verse echoes not one beating of their heart
Our song is but the record of their shame—
But veils the glass & frowns its Poet apart
Or to Oblivion their base sinkings fleet
Stains that Heaven with obscene imagery
Of shapes & lusts unfit for human thought
Abhorred by the pure sea — What are numbers knit
By force or custom? Man who man would be,
Must rule the empire of himself; in it
Must be supreme, establishing his throne
On vanquished will; quelling the anarchy
Of hopes & fears, — being himself alone —

I Ballad

Of Sir Richard
Whittington and his good
Fortune who found with Bad;
Which after much, the more beat at
Morning his tail & his head.

A woman came up with a baby at her breast
which was placed with Trial & hunger-
She cried — "Give me food or give me rest
Or else die I must make longer —

"The poor King under Heaven will come
To the world cry, but his strength is gone.
His wasting weakness has left him dead
Ye can hardly hear his moan

The skin around his eyes is pale & blue—
His eyes are glazed—not with tears—
I wish for a little moment that you
could know what a mother fears.

Give me a piece of that fine white bread
I would give you my own blood for it—
Before I faint & my consent is dead—
O give me a little bit

Bless it now God, that Heirloom of gold
which my mother gave to me—
All the winter night on my bosom, as cold
As icy, as his hand might be—

And the bright blanket of Whitestown wool
Under which we both used to slash
It gone— the rain drenches our thin shawls
And I moan, but he keeps his grasp

"What would it avail me to preach to
This dear body speechless & weak?—
And get by the first train made me I'd
If I could but save my child

"Perhaps you wish like— but does you
It Still a holy man,—
But if you can't— with any one can
For Absolution to [illegible] & then—

"Aye, aye — one as rich & as grave as you
And found them a dear delight—
I sometimes think he would be as cruel
If he saw them as they [illegible]

"Give me hand — my hot tears flow—
I'll turn down the garden gate
I'll fight with the dog,— I'll turn from
He must what he just has ate—

"Jesus consider what God who created us
Meant thus for a world of love —
Remember the story of Lazarus,
You speak to the people of —

And upon my word I begin to think
There's a joy beyond all pleasure
To sit up in heaven, & see you drink
In Hell, ~~[illegible]~~ own bad measure.

You may say God sent it to frighten the rich
the will only damn the poor.
The deadly sins are above them which
then are many temptations for —

Do doubt, the great Power has made us each
such as we were to be —
And often it damns us; the thing we'd wish
His justice & charity

"And yet I cannot ~~think~~ envy you
Can call him just & good;
When he sends a wretched woman like me
To a man like you, for food.

"O God! thy power dear child did not
Let ~~thy~~ your command bear & cherish—
Then he did as wicked & unthrifty—
And our tyrants bid us perish,—

"Water, water! & bread & beer!
A little morsel of bread!—
My own dear baby is dying I fear—
And I— I hope— am dead."

"The clergyman of God took a sturdy stride
To the garden wicket placed
And he saw the woman had fallen down
With her face upon her hands

The child lay stiff as a frozen straw
On the woman's white cold breast—
And the person in its dead features
Saw his own to the truth exposed

She turned from the faded form whose heart was broke
And which had given it life
And pitiless hid as she
She turned from the life which no longer spoke
From the eyes that no longer light—

Contents

Maddalo and Julian — — — — 1

The Mask of Anarchy — — — — — 30.

To S×××××th and C×××××××gh — 38.

C××××d — — — — 39.

An Ode — — — — — — 40.

Translation from Moschus — — — — 42.

A Fragment — — — — 43

The Sensitive-Plant — — — — 47

A Vision of the Sea — — — — 61

To Night — — — — — 69

Lines written at Naples. In Anacreontic — — 71

Sonnet — — — — — — 72

An Exhortation — — — — 75

Ode to Heaven — — — — 76

A Song — — — — — — 78

A Dirge — — — — — — 81

Ode to Liberty — — — — — 84 The Fatian serenade Song —

To a sky Lark — — — — — 100

To —— a sonnet — — — — 106

Men of England a song — — — — 107

To — — — — — 109

Hymn to Mercury — — — — 110

To 2×d C×××n — — — — 145

England —— 149
Song —— 150
Sonnet — 151
Sonnet to the Republic of Venice 152
A Ballad — 153

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